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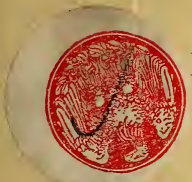

MONTEREY ZEPHYRS

BY

MARIA ANTONIA

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"Near the ocean's foam and hazes."

MONTEREY ZEPHYRS

BY

MARIA ANTONIA

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITION

A. M. ROBERTSON

SAN FRANCISCO

1912

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To
My Dear Father and Mother
This Book is
Most Lovingly Dedicated

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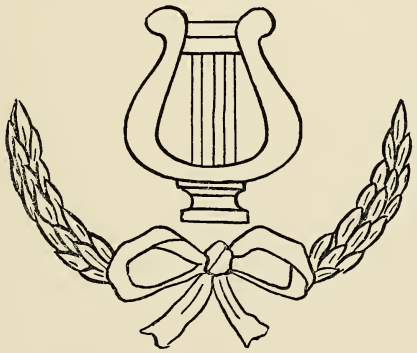
INVOCATION TO POETRY.

Sacred Lyre, sublimest, noblest music ever heard,
On thy immortal strings has e'er been played,
Thrilling the hearts of men, like song of Eden's bird.
Sweetest, grandest gift that God has made,
To creatures' intellect. Let thy triumphant strain
To elevate us unto God ne'er be in vain.



We often scan the lives of others, without giving a thought to the rhythm of our own.

A THOUGHT.

Why do the sweetest hours
  Oft bring the keenest pain?
Why do the fairest flowers
  Oft grow 'mid sharpest thorns?
Why do the purest pleasures
  Oft pay the price of tears?
'Tis thus with all earth's treasures
  As transient as the clouds;
Just as e'en hearts the noblest
  Oft bear the deepest wounds,
And as some souls the gentlest
  Oft meet with stern rebuffs,
As many a silent feeling
  Oft hides its depth of woe;
But as the sunlight stealing
  E'en to the loneliest nook,
So all God's Love embraces
  All healed is turned to joy,
The secret tears, the traces
  Of woes and wrongs dispelled.

Never let a harsh or cutting word cross thy lips in thy intercourse with thy fellow-men, particularly with the aged, sick or unfortunate; thou dost not know what burning tears and inmost feelings of deepest pain thou mayst occasion, but which may be gently and silently suffered with a dignified Christian patience and smiling face.

CHILDHOOD.

Carefree thrills of exultation,
  Innocence that fear beguiles,
Childish voices sweet as music,
  Chasing sorrow, bringing smiles.

Games and laughter, youthful fancies
  Oft with logic of the wise,
Just as if a ray were given
  Now and then from Paradise.

Happy children, cherished blessings
  Of the favored fireside,
Making the warm glow more ruddy,
  Thou of homes art noblest pride!

A man or woman who does not love children is unnatural. The noblest men and women have been the most ardent child-lovers. And it could not be otherwise, for children are the choicest flowers of God's garden, and many a cheerless and hardened soul has felt the uplifting influence of their sweet fragrance.

EASTERTIDE.

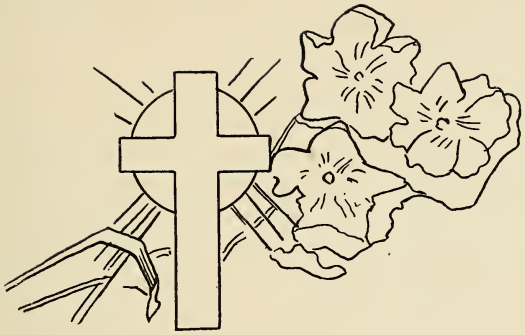
He is risen from the grave,
He who life creation gave,
Angels radiant in their light,
Clad in garments snowy white,

Bring the message glad to earth,
All unite in peace and mirth,
On this joyous Easter morn,
Happy day of Heaven born.

Mary with her spikenard sweet,
Comes at dawn with homage meet,
"He is risen, He's not here!"
Comes the angel's answer clear.

With the springtide flow'rets frail,
Eastertide thy dawn we hail,
Lilies shed their perfume 'round,
Nature's Psalms of joy resound.

Earth once more is bright and fair,
Vested rich in raiment rare;
Let us then away with strife,
Keep our hearts with gladness rife.

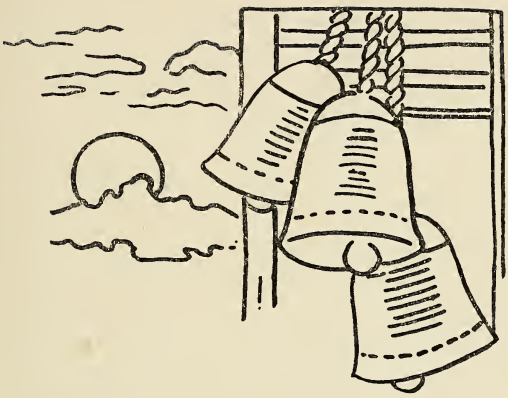


The heart that knows no love is more desolate than the dreariest desert.

THE ANGELUS.

Ave Maria with the dawn of day,
Ave Maria with the noontide sun,
Ave Maria when the last soft ray
Of fading twilight steals through hill and vale.

Ave Maria tired hearts breathe still,
In gentle slumber 'till the day star shines,
Ave Maria dearest words that fill,
The exiled soul with hope and peace and love.



Honor to whom honor is due. Lofty ideals are ever to be encouraged, but what greater ideal than She, God's Immaculate Virgin Mother, the Woman of Genesis whom the poet loves to call "our tainted nature's solitary boast."

LINES TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Birthday greetings, loveliest, sweetest,
Bring we on thy natal day,
Of all times to us the meetest
To express our love and pay

Heartfelt homage to our mother,
Whose e'er watchful, loving care,
More than that of any other
We have felt, and in sweet prayer

Waft we heavenward our petitions;
Incense-like may they ascend;
May they speak of our affections,
As with wishes fond they blend.

May God's graces fall in showers,
Copious on thy soul today,
Graces blooming into flowers,
Flowers that will never die.

Earthly wishes have an ending,
Glowing but in transient flight,
But celestial ones ascending,
These will last eternally.

HOME IS WHERE MOTHER IS.

Parental love is the strongest, purest, one of the last golden links to which even the most wretched will cling, the redeeming quality of many an otherwise hopeless case; and there is a great deal of truth in the theory that a man seldom goes wrong as long as he has a good mother to reverence or the memory of one to honor.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet is the pure gift of friendship most true,
Loyal and lofty which naught can undo;
Talk not of treasures which crumble away,
Just like a dream at the morning's first ray.
Give me the wealth of affection's warm glow,
Gentle, unselfish and calm in its flow.

Never allow an unjust or unkind criticism about a principle which thou knowest to be correct or about a faithful friend to be passed in thy presence. Stand loyal and unpurchaseable by all thou knowest to be right, even though thou shouldst suffer for thy uncompromising attitude. The noble, the excellent and the true must always have their share of rebuffs, but solid virtue will come forth unconquered from the crucible of trial, and like the beautiful spring flowers which sleep through the blizzards of winter, so sterling worth triumphant will appear crowned with the added glory of victory over wrong.

SAN CARLOS MISSION.

Near the ocean's foam and hazes,
In a golden mantled vale,
Which seems richer in the phases
Of the bright November moon,

Shrined in stately isolation
Save to-day,* when its glad bells
Call the town in adoration
In these sacred walls to pray,

Stands the Queen of all the missions,
Venerable as years go by,
While a thousand glowing visions
Cluster 'round its ruined walls.

Beautiful in quiet glory,
In the history of its past,
Tells its never-ending story,
This grand monument of Faith!

And each stone is silent telling
Padre Serra's spotless fame,
In sweet strains the bells are singing
Praises high of Spain's brave son.

*Feast of St. Charles, November 4th.

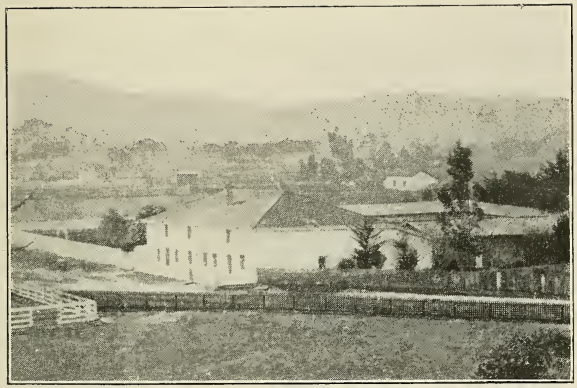
Always respect what is hallowed and time-honored; and our California missions are most venerable, synonymous as they are with heroic self-sacrifice, wonderful generosity and noble virtue. With a truly royal heritage has our fair State been favored.

TO MONTEREY.

O, the myriad thoughts that linger
Round the time-worn walls now gray,
Of this dear historic city,
Rich in memories of its day.

When the sainted Spanish Padres
Roused the land to higher thought,
And around these flowered valleys
Priceless lessons once they taught.

This the land of fond tradition,
Of the splendid times of yore,
Artists' garden, poets' fancy,
With its legendary lore.



Veneration for home and family tradition should ever be kept sacred; it has saved many a man from going astray and kept out of many homes common and unworthy influences.

OCTOBER.

O days with golden sunshine crowned,
O harvest month of nut-brown shade;
The thrushes warble lays around
Each woodland dale and rustic glade.

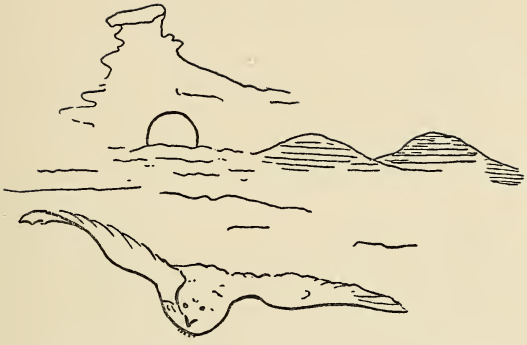
The morns are crisp, the wild flowers gleam
In dew-kissed bowers, the shepherds lead
Their flocks to pasture by the stream,
As blithesome to their work they speed.

O month of glorious vesper hours,
O splendor of departing day,
The mountain peaks, like castle towers,
Where lingering sunbeams love to stray.

Then softly dies the twilight gray,
The moon is rising o'er the hills,
And night now holds her queenly sway;
The stars are twinkling in the rills.

And safe within a window pane
A señorita may be seen;
She listens to a sweet refrain—
A troubadour is there, I ween.

O month of romance and of song,
Of moonlight nights and sunny bowers;
It seems that to this time belong
Such nature's charms, such happy hours.



To me the pastoral life is the purest and happiest in its beautiful simplicity.

TO THE FLOWERS.

O the variegated splendors
Of each bud, each blade of grass,
Radiant rose or spotless lily,
Or the wildwood beauty class.

Flowers, emblems of great virtues,
Every bloom a breath of prayer,
Crowning each succeeding season
With a heritage most fair.

Blossoms blooming in the hours
Of the queenly tranquil night,
Or beneath the sunshine basking,
Nurtured in its golden light

Thou performest thy blessed mission
When God's altar, bride or bier
In thy beauty thou adornest,
And thy charms oft wipe a tear.

Fragrant diadems that glisten
In the morning's roseate hue,
Fair array of lovely graces,
Sweetest on our earth to view.

Art, music, flowers and good books should be in every home. The refining influence of the arts crowned with religion is more far-reaching than imagined. If greater love for the heavenly and the beautiful were fostered in this prosaic, work-a-day world of ours, there would be less unhappy homes, less abrupt, ungentle natures and less tears shed. You need not be rich to possess these luxuries; and many of the most refined and exquisite characters the world has known have been owned by persons of limited and scanty means.

HYMN OF LOVE.

O! I know I cannot fathom
All Thy wond'rous might and love,
O! I know I cannot praise Thee
As do blessed souls above;

But I know I am Thy creature
And though humble be my way,
E'en though vision may be darkened,
Still I raise my meed each day.

When I kneel at altar table
And receive Thyself indeed,
O! the rapture and the sweetness!
There in very truth I feed
On my wond'rous Hidden Love.

In the gifts that crown our Lady
In Her motherhood divine,
Sinless birth and virgin graces
In this taintless Home of Thine,
Humbly do I bless Thee God.

In Thy Saints' heroic virtues
And their thrones in bliss above,
In Thy myriad shining angels
Who adore in endless love,
I revere Thee Lord Divine.

In the hearts of those I treasure,
In their gifts so dear to me,
If they are so sweet and lovely,
'Tis Thy Image which I see,
And I love Thy Beauty Lord.

When I hear of aught most noble,
Lofty purpose, holy deed,
Something great and soul-inspiring,
All a spark of Thee indeed;
I adore Thy Goodness Lord.

In the innocence of children,
When I see their loving trust,
When I marvel at the beauty
Of the graces of the just,
O Thy Grandeur there I see.

In the hour of thrilling gladness,
When all seems with joy aglow,
And again when danger threatens,
Or I taste the cup of woe,
Still Thy Guarding Arm I feel.

Now a sadness fills my bosom,
When I think of crime and sin,
Ponder on the wasted graces,
O! to know what might have been,
But Thy Loving Mercy waits!

In the great expanse of waters
And the ocean's boundless store,
In the grains of sand that glisten
In each wave-kissed, sunlit shore
O I see Thy Power Lord.

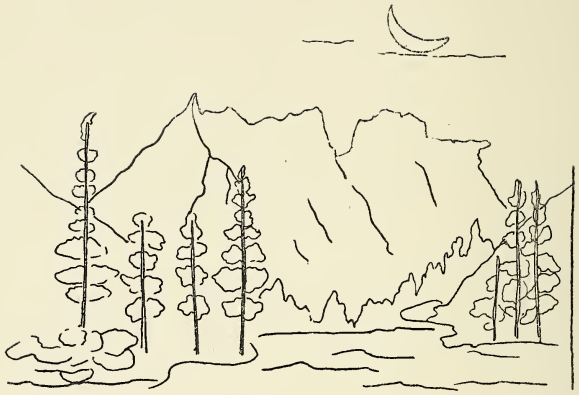
And in every flower that opens
Its rare beauty in the sun
And doth shed its perfumed essence
When great Phœbus' course is run,
Lord, I glorify Thy Name.

In earth's sweetest melodies,
Music's strain that cheers the heart,
Song of bird in summer hours,
Masterpiece of mind or art,
There Thy Harmony I see.

All of nature's varied splendors,
Gentle moon and silver star,
Glorious sun in azure heavens
Tell Thy wonders near and far,
Thou art grand, Blessed Trinity.

Thus all that creation offers,
Angel, man and beast and flower,
Sings to Thee one grand Te Deum
Day and night, nay, hour by hour,
O Great, Undivided God.

This a lowly meditation
  Of Thy Might, Oh Lord Divine,
Every fibre of my being
  I submit to Thee as Thine,
E'er to love Thee, Triune God.



Many persons have a false opinion of charity and gentleness, and think they forbid the denouncing and rebuking of an evil; whereas they bear no more relation to such incompatible injustice than self-respect to foolish pride, or wisdom to self-sufficiency.

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